

Dear Brother

By Brian William Mannion

Have you seen my brother?

A man so infinite in faculty, so valiant in his trade, a man whose moral fibre has been twined into cord

A gentleman so clever and well put together his soul is as light as a swan's favourite feather

A chap with a knack for giving it all back, so smart in his movements and so affluent in wit, his affection's reflection is bullet-proof-built!

He's a character alright!

A funny kind of whimsical!

He could melt the Devil's heart, and freeze it before you could whisper hallilujah.

Militant Maxwell has a fault in his head

He cannot be reasoned with

No.

Not at all.

Oh how I love you, dear brother!

His empathic charismatic portrayal of phanaticly dynamic euphonicly euphorious enigmatically allegorious sophistication is a supernatural sight to be sure!

My brother, dear brother can sing like an italian songbird!

His voice could soften a scarecrow's grimace

Even just a single peasant's word.

I'm off to see my brother, I shall find him for sure!

Militant Maxwell tells me his lies

He says that brother has committed a crime against the law,

he claims that these fanciful fabrications are true-as-true facts that he himself saw.

But I know the truth.

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

brother is sacred.
Brother is pure.

Father has asked me to stay at home,
He says he doesn't want me to leave the house, not until he returns, but I sneak
out to find brother all on my own!

I'm running now, running so fast, to the place where brother and I played hiding
games last.

It was there on that day that brother went away
Under the tree, under the shade.
He told me he loved me, and said he'd draw them off.
He said

"Run run run, as fast as you can!
Militant Max is hunting the wrong man!
I love you, little brother, that's all I can say.
Just promise me now that you will get away!
I can be like an angel with wings on my back,
I'll give them to you for the speed that you lack.
Just run run run dear brother,
and never look back!"

I did as he said, yes sir, I did.
It's been three long weeks, and I'm running straight back.
Running for brother, and brother to be sure.

I reach the tree, and there he is!
Brother is greater than I could have ever dreamed, he can do much more than
what I thought, it seemed!

"Oh brother, like a chameleon, your face has turned blue!
You're wearing a tie, it looks so good!
Oh brother you're amazing, you can draw in the flies!
You can be so still, you can be so quiet.
Your stupendous conclusions that Militant Max has delusions, has got to be
right, it's got to be right
it's got to be right
it's got to be right

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

it must be, dear brother.
For your feet aren't touching the ground, and your tie is tangled in a branch.
You are so strong, dear brother.
Your skills are so great.
I will never bother to try!
For brother, dear brother.
Oh brother you can fly!"

Brían William Mannion bio: I am a 17 year old aspiring writer. I have a keen interest in poetry and fiction I have been writing for just over a year, in that time I like to think that I have honed my technique and found my style. My current WIP is a novel I have been working on for 14 months. It is my dream to be a writer, and I have a keen enthusiasm for films also.